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THE ENCHANTRESS,

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## Cincinnati Daily Press.

CINCINNATI, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1860.

VOL. III, NO. 66.

PRICE ONE CENT.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL MILL Full Particulars of the Fight.

HEENAN ENTITLED TO THE BELT AMERICANS DESIROUS OF WHIPPING THE ENGLISH

The extra of Wilker's Spirit, published in England, and received by the Vanderbits, arrived here yesterday, and doubtless contains the best and most reliable account of the great fight, as Mr. W. was himself on the ground and witnessed the whole contest, even to the last act of ruffianism that broke up the mill in a general row. Wilker's Spirit gives this account of the rounds:

up the mill in a general row. Wilker's Spirit gives this account of the rounds:

Round 1.—The men went up with great quickness at the call of time, and with a smile upon their faces, mixed, however, with a great degree of seriousness, and commenced squaring away, Heenan choosing his position, under the direction of Macdonald, close in his own corner, with the view of drawing Sayers upon him and hitting as he advanced, instead of following him, as had been the fatal policy of most of Sayers's previous opponents. The position of Sayers was very elegant, touching the earth but lightly with his feet, and settling himself backward and forward while measuring his man, with the case and grace of a dancing-master. As they sparred, the audience almost held their breath. Two or three times Sayers feinted lightly, but Heenan himself tried in the same way, and Sayers showed his readiness, and laughed smartly at checking the good intention. Heenan himself tried in the same way, and Sayers showed his wariness in like manner; at length, pursing his brow and gathering his muscles quickly, he let fly, and caught the Boy lightly on the mouth, slightly drawing blood. Immense applause, and cries of "first blood for Sayers" went up at his, and Sayers gracefully stepped back, to observe his triumph, with a smile that seemed to say. "That's only my first instalment—Pil soon give you a second!" They sparred away carefully again, and Heenan at length let fly, but did not get home; then following the blow, he rushed in and clenched, and threw Sayers casily. (Cheers from Heenan's friends.) Round 2. Both came up smilling, Heenan slightly tasting his lip, as if conscious of having been bled. Sayers came again over to Heenan's corner, and they began sparring just alongside the ropes, amid the encouragement of their respective partisans; neither of the men, however, taking any notice of what the outsiders said. Both were intent upon each other only, and could not be diverted from the object. After some cautious sparring and feinting, Heenan

planted two more straight hits in quick suc-cession on the mouth, this time calling on the claret from the Champion for himself. Sayers then, in endeavoring to counter, rushed in and clenched, and was thrown. (More cheers for

clenched, and was thrown. (More cheers for Heenan.)

Round 3. This round was begun, like both the previous ones, in Heenan's corner, and both began it by the same emblems of happiness that had been exhibited at first. Several passes were made without effect, but Heenan, watching his opportunity, let fly with his left, and hit him clean down. Great cheers, first knock-down blow for Heenan.

Round 4. Sayers came up readily, and with good will, notwithstanding the disaster which befel him at the close of the last round. The same streetyped smile was on the face of both, but while it was sweetest on the mug of Sayers, Heenan's left fist split the expression in the middle, and away went Sayers again clean from his feet and stretched upon the ground.

Round 5. (Even betting on Heenan.) Heenan now went at Sayers and passed over to his side of the ring and opened the fighting. Sayers, however, admonished by the fearful visitation of the terrible left hand which had now sent him twice to earth, began to get

visitation of the terrible left hand which had now sent him twice to earth, began to get shy, and gave way; and at length, when followed still more closely by Heenan's contracting brow, fled from the approaching mischief by a sideway sort of run. But Heenan seemed to have been instructed in this artifice, and gathering up his arms, smiled and took a new and a waiting position. Sayers came up again, and they began to spar anew. Presently Heenan found his chance, and letting go his left, caught Sayers smack upon the forehead. Bewildered somewhat by the blow, Sayers gave way, and Heenan pressing on, repeated the visitation twice more Sayers, after a light return upon the cheek, going down to avoid.

down to avoid.

Round 6. "Six to four on the Benicia Boy.

down to avoid.

Round 6. "Six to four on the Benicia Boy."
Sayers came up this time looking as if he meant mischief, and walked, as at first, to Heenan's corner, and there commenced the battle. In a few seconds his good intentions were developed by a tremendous hit under the right eye, which made a clean crosswise cut of half an inch, let out a gush of blood, and at once puffed up the eye. Stung by this blow Heenan rushed upon him, and with another clean hit from what his friends call "the left duke." knocked Sayers down.

Round 7. When Heenan came up to the scratch this time, his right eye was fearfully swollen, and projected upward like a cushion. This was an immediate signal for the jeers and taunts of the friends of Sayers, and the Champion himself took part in the enjoyment by placing himself in front of Heenan with folded arms and smilling pityingly on him. Heenan paid no beed to this, but bore Macdonald's grooming quietly, and when the crimson tide from his puffed check was partly stopped, he went up to his adversary. The cheers were still greeting the Champion's splendid cut, when Heenan went up and measured him. He did so to some purpose for after a few passes he sant his left upon its errand and caught Sayers bang upon the mouth. Sayers returned lightly on the damaged eye again, and Heenan gave him another rifle shot upon the head. A few exchanges errand and caught Sayers bang upon the mouth. Sayers returned lightly on the damaged eye again, and Heenan gave him another rifle shot upon the head. A few exchanges then took place and the men separated of their own accord, Heenan submitting to the sponge again, Sayers smiled at Heenan with folded arms while this process was going on. The men resumed their work again, Heenan trying to land his left again; Sayers cleverly stopped it, however, and some exchanges took place, and they separated for sponging again, without finishing the round. Sayers, not having much blood about him, was soon finished, and he amused himself by looking on at Heenan's eye with a broad smile, as if to say, "Ah! what an easy job I shall have to polish this fellow off!" Heenan resumed again by leading off, but Sayers propped him as he came; Heenan, however, would not be denied, and, following up, he got his left in with a stinging shot on the mouth, which brought another instalment of the claret. Once more they separated for Heenan to be sponged about the damaged eye, and for Sayers to enjoy the pleasant contemplation of it. Once more, too, they resumed, and another clean hit sent Sayers again to earth, with loud cheers from Heenan's little party, and English exclamations of, "He's a first rate fellow!" "He's a fine 'un."

Round 8. As soon as Heenan came up this time he went at once to work, and put in his left with a straight shot in the Champion's

and English exclamations of, "He's a first-rate fellow!" "He's a fine 'un."

Round 8. As soon as Heenan came up this time he went at once to work, and put in his left with a straight shot in the Champion's right cheek. Sayers, however, went toward him, and getting an opportunity, sent a light shot ou the chin, and then dodged under Heenan's arm to avoid a most wicked return. As Sayers rose, however, and Heenan got him square in front of him again, he landed a heavy hit on the Champion's nose, which nearly knocked him down. Heenan then gave way again, and Sayers, stung by the last visitation, came pressing back, and when he thought himself at a proper distance let fly

again, but Heenan caught it handsomely upon his right arm and threw it off with a smile, as if to say, such nonsense would not do. The Champion made it do, however, for, gathering himself again, he let loose with his left a well-directed blow, and caught Heenan again upon the cushion under the right, letting out another little rill of blood. This hit, though not by any means effective, gave much gratification to the partisans of Sayers, and a voice on that side exclaimed, "I say, Jack Macdonald, is this the Yankee slob you have brought over to lick the Champion, You'd better send him back," "This is the very fellow!" said Macdonald sancily, "and I'm going over with him soon and take with us the belt. Wait a minute and you'll see." As this chaff was going on, Heenan had drawn close upon Sayers, and, getting his opportunity, away went the left bower, again flattening the Brighton hero's nose, and sending him back several feet. "What do you think of the Yankee boy now?" said Macdonald proudly at this hit and spreading his hands behind him, as if about to catch a cricket bail. The tide of war has its variations, and no sooner was the joyful note of the Celtic second uttered, than bang come as straight shot from Savers, plump on the cushioned eye, while Heenans endeavor to counter passed by the Champion's head.

Heenan now began to exhibit signs of woakness, and cries of "two to one on Sayers," when now the pass of the Celtic second uttered, than bang come as straight shot from Savers, plump on the cushioned eye, while Heenans endeavor to counter passed by the Champion pressed forward, and planted in another on Heenan's mouth. Still going at him, and getting him left and the certain of the center of the risk. He had been after this spot for some time, and exhibited great satisfaction at having so hadden the left bower, and almost against the spoke had been after this spot for some time, and swide in the left bower upon the champion's head.

Heenan now began to exhibit signs of the Celtic second uttered, the had goin

Round 24. Sayers came up slow again, and after a few feints and passes Heenan again knocked him down.

Round 25. Sayers came up this time evidently freshening, and with a smile upon his face, and it was observed that the vast swelling which had so disfigured his right fore arm, had gone down almost entirely, though it did not promise to be of much more use to him than Heenan's right eye, which was now entirely closed, and so far as that was concerned he was fighting entirely in the dark. Amid cries of "two to one on Heenan," the Boy pressed forward, and after taking two light but well directed admonishers that the man before him was not yet beaten, he succeeded in straightening the left duke out again and landed the Champion once more upon the grass.

Round 26. Sayers came up late, Heenan waiting for him quietly, and was the first to lead off at the mouth, and barely getting in danced backward and ran away from the return. Heenan followed and turned him, delivered a good hit on the chin, and as Sayers, who was on his own side of the ring, sought to fly, Heenan, who was pursuing, reached out his hand to catch him, and in doing so made a grab, which took Sayers's whole face in his open paw, and must have hurt the now sensitive mouth considerably, and started the blood from his mouth afresh. He then brought Sayers to a stand, and it was not much to his profit that he did so, for the Champion got one in upon his breast. The blow was light, however, and he retreated tried to counter, but did not quite get home, but he came after his revenge, and seeing he must have it, Heenan took Macdonald's advice "to try the double with him"—which means to take hit for hit—and away flew the two sharp left hands at once, each man staggering and recoiling from the shock. The men now separated for a moment, but the round did not close, and, after the passing of the ever-ready sponge over their bleeding faces, they showed an equal bull-dog nature by seeking each other again. Heenan's right eye was now fearfully bunged up, and almost entirely closed, but, in retaliation for the coarse derision it drew forth from Sayers's friends, he sent in a spanking hit upon the entirely closed, but, in retaliation for the coarse derision it drew forth from Sayers's friends, he sent in a spanking hit upon the champion's cheek, and repeated with another on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan followed and turned him, and in the champion was fearfully swollen and rendered useless from the effect of the fall in the previous round, he went at him fiercely, and, by a thundering stroke from the left piston, levelled him to the carth. [Cheers from the little knot of Americans at Heenan's corner, and an exulting exclamation from Macdonald of, "What do you think of our Yankee fighter now?"]

This was a round of most terrific fighting, highlers, and setting both in the top round of estimation by all the capable critics around the ring as first-class, skilful and thoughtful fighters. It is asted nearly fifteen minutes. Round 9, Sayers came up showing signs of distress, (even betting on the Boy!) and as Heenan went fiercely after him he hurriedly gave ground, and as the Boy pressed on, he gave ground, and as the Boy pressed on, he gave ground, and as the Boy pressed on, he gave ground, and as the soll many the sollowed up and let fly another, Sayers he commenced dancing off sideways, and finally turned the movement into run. Heenan burst out langthing at this shine, and standing in an easy and nonchalant manner, wheeled easily on his heel so as to continue to face him him down by a blow on the back. Cheers for Heenan.

Round 10. "Twenty to ten on the Benicia Boy." Sayers, yet growing weak, came u

Round 10. "Twenty to ten on the Benicia Boy." Sayers, yet growing weak, came up rather uncertain on his legs, with his wounded right arm still fearfully swelled, clinging paralysed against his breast. No one who knew his gallant history could help sympathising with him in his sore distress, and wishing he was well out of his present perfil. But the gladiator who opposed him, like his screaming backers, had no such thoughts as these, but rather pressed on him the more, and, going at him right and left, ended the round by again knocking him clean down.

Round 11. Heenan went at Sayers briskly again, in order to keep him hurried while in his crippled state. Being a little incautious in hisadvance, however, Sayers propped him as he came in, and, as Heenan was meditating a return, got in another, but not very effective, hit, and fell backward through the ropes. rithin it fairly rattle with the blow, whil Sayers countered lightly on the left cheek for he was still going faithfully for the left ove. After this passage they separated, and sponged off, Sayers confronting Heensa while he operation was going on with as much uniet complacency as if he had him sure feenan went at him, however, like a tiger, it him again on the mouth, and as he ran to hit him again on the mouth, and as he ran to escape a renewal of the visitation, delivering another chopping lick upon his stooping back. Again they received the cleansing offices of the sponge, and that being over, Heenan stepped forward again, but Sayers retired, and partly ran. Heenan followed quickly, discharged a hit in the back of his neck, and as Sayers turned to fight he hit him against the ropes, and as he fell, grabbed for him, but missed him, and then caught him with a terrific upper cut, whereupon the Champion sunk to the earth.

Royal 39 Sayers arms arms arms were the stooping the sunk to the earth.

Round 10. "Twenty to ten on the Benicis

ropes.

Round 12. Sayers still came up feebly, and Heenan went after him as before, and while Sayers was dancing before him, evidently bewildered and confused, he levelled him again in the collest manner with a straight left-hander, and walked smilingly back to his corner.

Round 13. Heenan again forced the fight-

ing, and Sayers, now very weak, fought a Parthian battle, and fied from his dangerous pursuer. As soon as he ventured to turn and

Round 15. Heenan was again up first at the scratch, as he had been every time for the

his corner.

Champion sunk to the earth.

Round 29. Sayers came up very weak in the knees, and almost staggering, and Heeman rushed over to his side of the ring after him, and began the fighting briskly. Sayers tried to get away, but Heenan followed him simrply, and caught him with one of the old left-handers, which levelled him at the ropes.

Round 30. "Three to one on Heeman!" Sayers came up spiritedly this time, and gathering himself handsomely, let fiy with his left, and caught Heenan on the mouth. The Boy pressed forward for retaliation, but caught it with great severity again, and once caught it with great severity again, and once Boy pressed forward for retaliation, but caught it with great severity again, and once more the cheers went up for Sayers. Heenan rushed forward, but his blow passed over the shoulder, and Sayers catching again heavily on the mouth, went down amid great cheering from his friends. This was a very severe round for Heenan, who bled very freely; but there was not a man on the ground who did not admire the sound game which he displayed in following up the sharpest and most damaging cuts.

\*\*Remail 21.\*\* Two to one offered to be released.

damaging cuts.

Round 31. Two to one offered to be taken by the friends of Sayers. Sayers, encouraged by the success of the last round, and the evident bewildering effect it had on his oppoent, walked over into Heenan's corner, and opened the campaign himself. As quick as thought he planted a sharp cut on Heenan's month, and followed it by a light touch on the left cheek, in which direction he evidently still hoped to have the happiness to close up the only remaining eye. When Heenan would have come back for his satisfaction, he the only remaining eye. When Heenan would have come back for his satisfaction, he avoided eleverly by getting down and letting the fierce shot of Heenan pass huriless jover

Parthian battle, and fled from his dangerous pursuer. As soon as he ventured to turn and face, Heenan planted another hit upon his mouth, and knocked him clean off his legs again. [Cheers again for Heenan.] Two to one on the Benicia Boy.

Round 14. The superfority of Heenan was now completely manifest; expressions of admiration at his fine style of fighting were heard all round the ring, and encomiums of the loudest kind were delivered on his courago; encomiums which we take pleasure in saying were substantially earned and deserved. In this round, Heenan went at Sayers in the business style of the two last, and delivered in succession two telling hits in the neck and mouth, Sayers countering neatly on the latter by a blow on the right cheek. Heenan then caught him on the head, at which Sayers rushed in, clenched, and after a momentary struggle, both fell together on Sayers's side of the ring, Sayers having rather the best of the fall. Great cheers went up from his corner at this ripple in his favor, but they, like Sayers, felt that they had a tougher customer than they had bargained for.

Round 15. Heenan was again up first at the fierce shot of Heenan pass hurfless jover his head.

Round 32. Heenan showed distress while at his second's corner, and when he confronted. Sayers he did not show that alacrity of battle he had exhibited before. He led off, however, but Sayers got away, and subsequently a few passes were exchanged with no effect, and, as the blood was flowing from Heenan's serious cuts all the while, he paused in his hostilities to be temporarily sponged off. While this was going on Sayers, who, though most seriously hurt, was by far the least disfigured, folded his arms and stood tranquilly before Heenan, and surveyed him with the most amazing confidence, and as if he were his captive. When they came together again, Sayers was the first up with a light tap, and they then separated once more for a wipe-off, neither being in a humor to press too rapidly on the other. They came together again with light exchanges, another separation took place, and the round ended by Heenan measuring his adversary handsomely and hitting him down by a tremendous blow on the nose. ("That's a pretty fellow for a champion of England!" said Macdonald, pointing disdainfully at Sayers, while nursing his man.) last eight or ten rounds, while Sayers, who exhibited much distress, was rising from his second's knee, reluctantly and slow. This time Heenan went straight up to him and hit him down with his right as if Sayers had been made of weed. made of wood.

Round 16. This round was a counterpart of the last, Sayers coming up slow, backing or dancing away apprehensively, and ending by being knocked down, Heenan walking from him with a smile to his corner.

Round 17. Like the last in all respects, and applying in a clear knock down.

Round 33. Sayers was this time very slow to rise from his second's knee. The game little fellow had already irrade tise most superhuman exertions, but he found he was over-matched, and it was like fighting against fate to hope to overcome his game-lasting and powerful adversary. Though he showed no evidence of sinking of the heart, his want of prospect had a plain effect upon his spirits, and Heenan had to go after him almost to his second's knee. It was plain that the fight was nearly out of him, and his friends saw clearly that his chance was gone. While, therefore, the two men commenced to square away, they thought to make a diversion in favor of the champion by an outcry of "Policel police!" in the hope that Heenan, as a stranger, might be struck with alarm, and either be induced in natural panic to jump over the ropes, and thus forfeit the light, or to turn his head so that the watchful champion might get on his left eye. But the artifice did not take Heenan had here for

to turn his head so that the watchful cham-pion might get on his left eye. But the arti-fice did not take. Heenan had been fore-warned of the intended dodge, and he had seen, moreover, that several policemen had been quietly looking at the battle ever since the seventh round. He, therefore, only fought on the fiercer, and Sayers being on the look out for chances at the same moment they had a passage of real ding doing give and take, fighting on the ancient style. The blood flowed freely from them both, and two or three times they stepped aside to sponge.

take, fighting on the ancient style. The blood flowed freely from them both, and two or three times they stepped aside to sponge, but neither paid any more attention to the awaying crowd, and the pretended effort to keep back the police, than if no effort of that sort had been made. Heenan got sharply on the nose of Sayers, and the latter in return caught Heenan sharply in the mouth, drawing a further quantity of blood. Sayers seemed to be encouraged and to freshen up at this, and went after Heenan, but the Boy caught him and floored him with another square knock-down blow. [100 to 20 on Heenan.]

Round 34. Sayers now came up very weak, and his partisans seeing his chance was almost hopeless, kept up the clamor about the police, while the poor police, bewildered at their own importance, or rather at the sudden and fectitions importance thus given to them, looked on in perfect wonder at the senseless panic. But Heenan paid no heed to the idle trick, but went up to the failing Sayers and hit at him with effect, and then closed upon him for a fall. In the thickest adversity there often comes a ray of light and promise, and just at this point the champion found a glesm of promise, which seemed to show him the road to victory. As they struggled for the fall, and while they fell, it so happened that Sayers's right hand became free to play upon Heenan's left eye, and play upon it be did so vigorously that it threatened to close under the unexpected visitation. Sayers was thrown and Heenan fell on him; but when the latter reached his corner, and the swelling eye was seen, the hopes of his friends began to be disturbed.

the swelling eye was seen, the hopes of his friends began to be disturbed. Round 35. Sayers rushed in to improve the opportunity thus given to him, and with his

apparently improved chances the clamor about the police subsided, and during the sharp exchanges that ensued, that particular alarm was done, and the round ended by Heenan seizing Sayers in his arms, and throwing him out from him clean to the earth as if he were a frog. were a frog.

Round 36. Heenan, however, in addition to

Round 36. Heenan, however, in addition to this strength, was not so much damaged on the left eye as the backers of Sayers supposed; he had plenty of daylight in it to find his adversary, and he went after him like a tiger. Right and left he gave it to him in the most commanding style—first on the mouth, then on the right cheek, and then hit him against the ropes. Afterwalight separation, and a process of sponging off, he went at him again, but caught it on the mouth, and shed considerable blood in consequence. Again he pressed upon him, but Sayers was too quick, and went down to avoid.

Round 37. The cries of police now became perfectly deafening from Sayers's side, but theenan still looked neither right or left, but only at his man. He hit him once on the back as he was running to his corner, and he Sayers struck back and missed, he seized him with his arm around his neck, and held him for a minute in the air. Sayers, however, get

Sayers struck back and missed, he seized him with his arm around his neck, and held him for a minute in the air. Sayers, however, got up his hand and seized Heenam by the cheek and pulled at its sore and flabby folds most painfully. This forced Heenam to loose his hold, and Sayers slipped down.

Round 38. It was now plain, from the noise around Sayers's corner that it was the determination of his party to bring the fight to such a close as would save Sayers the belt, but still Heenam kept to his work, and McDonald kept steering him with judicious steadiness. He was determined to fight and do nothing clse so long as he could get Sayers to light with him, and though the ring was now on the point of being broken in, he went up to his man and fought as manfully and as desperately as at first. He hit Sayers as he pleased, and, finally, seizing him by the neck, he bent his head under his arm and held him there and against the ropes completely at his meray. Left to himself, Sayers must have sunk helpless to the earth, incapable to respond again to time, whereupon finding a desperate crisis had arrived, the adherents of the Champion actually took hold of Heenam's arms, and while they kicked and struck him, dragged the beaten Champion from his hold.

Round 39. The confusiou was now so great that no appeals could possibly be heard, and the ring being broken in by the friends of Sayers, at the same moment, the Referse very improperly got up and retired. Heenam, however, apprehending some new artifice to prevent him from obtaining the belt he had so fairly woh, remained in the ring, and whea time was called, wont after Sayers again through the center of the crowd that now swarmed within the inner ropes of the arena. Sayers was pushed up toward him, but he castly hit him down or pursued him to the corner among his seconds, as a man would drive a boy.

rner among his seconds, as a man would

lrive a boy. In the fortieth and forty-first rounds this dishonorable treatment was repeated, Sayers neither time being brought up until Heenan presented himself before him, and demanded he should come out and fight. Finally, when he went up the last time for

he went up the last time for

Round 42, finding that though Sayers could
not, or would not, rise from his seat in his
corner, and his seconds refused to award him
the victory that belonged to him, by throwing up the sponge, he advanced upon him in
the midst of his seconds and struck him
where he sait. Being struck in return by
some one else in that corner he turned upon
the other party, and in his just indignation
at their outrageous manner in which the object of his ambition had been dishonorably
wrested from him, he opened a free fight
against them all. His friends, however, interferred, and carried him back to his corner,
from whence, after declaring himself to be
the winner of the fight, and the true owner from whence, after declaring himself to be the winner of the fight, and the true owner of the belt and title of the Champion of En-gland, he left the ring. Fair-minded and honorable Englishmen will decide whether these rights, so dearly and bravely won, shall not be given to him because he is a stranger to their soil.

COMMENTS ON THE PIGHT. Wilker's Spirit makes these comments: The heroism displayed by the Benicia Boy The heroism displayed by the Benicia Boy, and his courageous bearing, was frequently applauded during the fight. Little, therefore, did the small bunds of Americans seated around that ring expect to see it broken up. That it was so, will be found too true, and its motives seen too plainly, when our narrative of the contest is perused. We have no hesitation in pronouncing John C. Heenan fairly entitled to the champion's belt. He knocked down his adversary thirteen times, and on one occasion threw him like a frog. At last, after a rally and a close, in which the combatants hugged each other on the ropes, and the odds were ten to one on Heenan, the crowd broke into the ring in a most ruffiantly manner, under a false pretence that

the constables were interfering. These very the constables were interfering. These very constables had been on the ground during half the battle, and were averse to making any attempt at getting in. But the ruffian, seeing that their man would be beaten and their money lost, made the presence of the police an excuse, and stopped further proceedings.

At this juncture the referee quitted his

At this juncture the referee quitted his place, most unfortunately leaving all question of "fair or foul" without a deciding voice. Three rounds were fought after his departure, and at the end of the third the uproar was tremendous, the ring-keepers were unable to keep the mob back, and the victory which would in a few minutes have been awarded to John Hessans could not be obtained. The keep the mob back, and the victory which would in a few minutes have been awarded to John Heenan could not be obtained. The cowardly mob saw the laurels within his grasp, and tore them away from his reach. We acquit Tom Sayers of any foreknowledge of their intention. He fought with the gameness we have ever heard attributed to him; but his partisans had resolved that he should not loose, and seeing their case a desperate one, they rushed through the ropes. No appeal could be made to the referee, for he vanished the moment the row began, or his decision could not fail to have been in favor of Heenan. That he won the battle, no unbiased person will doubt; that he deserves "The Belt," we are positively certain.

Bell's Life has these observations: The fight was, up to the unfortunate termination, decidedly the very best championship fight we ever witnessed. It was, to the time aforesaid, fought out with a manliness, a fairness, and a determination on both sides worthy of the highest commendation. Without an attempt at shifting, each scorned to take a mean advantage, and loudly and repeatedly was each of them cheered. The rame divisors.

advantago, and ioudly and repeatedly was each of them cheered. The game displayed on both sides was remarkable.

On the question of nationality the only point that has been decided, and the only

point that has been decided, and the only point in our opinion requiring decision, is that both England and America possesses brave sons, and each country has reason to be proud of the champion she has selected. Whether the match will be fought out we can not at present say. Both are, doubtless, anxious to have it settled; but, for ourselves, were we asked, we would say each is so good that he is deserving a belt, and we would call on our countrymen to subscribe for such a trophy as a reward for Heenan's enterprise a trophy as a reward for Heenan's enterpris and boldness in coming, as he has done, t beard the British Champion on his ow ground.

The correspondent of the New York Herald

Mr. Wilkes, who represented the Americans, stood firmly to his post throughout the whole contest. The few Yankee boys who were there after the affair was over expressed a strong desire to whip any number of Englishmen. Their obliging offer, however, was not accepted.

was not accepted.

It was freely stated by many that Sayers would nover be permitted to lose the light, nor Heenaa to carry the belt over the Atlantic, and the course which affairs took would

tic, and the course which affairs took would strongly suggest that fact. No bets whatever, of course, will be paid until the result of the Referee's opinion is known.

I saw Heenan last night at eleven o'clock; he was quite comfortable, and the swelling in his face had much subsided. He says if he had not been kept back by McDonald he would have fought quicker and would have whipped him before the twentieth round, and this opinion is shared by all the Americans here.

here.
Mr. Dowling has declared that all the bets must be null and void, and recommends in England to subscribe a sufficient amount o purchase a belt for Heenan and to let Say. to purchase a belf for Heenan and to let Say-era keep his. The Americans say that he shall not receive any thing but the Cham-pion Belt, which he is entitled to. I hear nothing but the highest commendations in reference to Heenan's plack and courage, Sayers was well known to possess endurance

Sayers was well known to possess endurance and courage; but Heenan compelled every man to pay tribute to his bravery.

Heenan wants to fight Sayers immediately, but he will have to abide the decision of the referce. Morrissey is dreadfully put out, he had been with Sayers several days, giving him instructions in reference to Heenan's weak points. He had also bet very beavily against him, to the time of \$10,000. During against him, to the time of \$10,000. During the fight he was constantly applauding when Heenan was struck by Sayers. He has lost favor very much in consequence. My opinion is, they will not fight again; the authorities will certainly prevent it.

The Wife and Daughter of "Barry Cornwall."—Mrs. Bryan Waller Proctor, says the New York Home Journal, has three very close links to the goules which the world remembers. She is the daughter of Busil Montago, the wife of Barry Cornwall," and the mother of Adelade Procter—three names which will be sacred to posterity. Her own mother also (Mrs. Basil Montago) was socially, one of the most eminent woman of her time, the intimate friend of Coleridge and of Jane Porter, and of remarkable dignity and beauty of personal manner and appearance. At Procter the poet's tasteful cottage in St. John's Wood, his wife (in 1835-6) was the queen of a very cheming dispensation of hospitalities to authors and srists; and the daughter, Adelade, who has sinceshown upon the world with such luster and genius, was then one of the loveliest types of that loveliest thing in the world. English infancy. In the just articulate pratile of this sweet child, which was such music to the poet-father at that time, how little was it deceaned that, hidden therein, was the first lesson of verse as inspired as his own! In an obituary mention of the late Mrs. Jameson there is a record of Mrs. Procter which should endear her still more to the world's loving memory. more to the world's loving memory.

Political Honesty at a High Pression is Connecticut, paper has a paragraph which gives one a curious idea of the Yankee integrity prevalent there. It appears that a "poor, but honest" man was offered fifteen dollars for his vote, at the recent election, but the bribe was spurned. No sooner did this strange self-denial come to the knowledge of the man's friends, than they "sent him a barrel of flour, one hundred pounds of meal, a bushel of rye, with perhaps some other things, with the additional assurance that he or his will never know want while there beats a heart that honors noble deeds among his townsmen." Such demonstrative admiration is suspleious.

SETTLEMENT OF THE GREAT CRAIG WILL SETTLEMENT OF THE GREAT CRAIG WILL
CASE IN ARRANAS.—The great will case of
Junius Craig has been decided at Columbia,
Arkanasa, by the establishment of the willProperty to the amount of \$600,000 was involved in the suit, and to save further litination, we understand that a compromise has
been effected between the contestants, by
which Will Halliday, as executor, receives
\$30,000, and others in like proportion. The
town of Helena readins \$160,000 for college
purposes.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A HE MAN BODY.—Last week, in removing the remains from the old Methodist burying-ground at East Bloomfield, New Jersey, the body of a boy, who had been instantly killed by the kick of a horse over thirty years ago, was found in a perfect state of preservation.

The mahogany coffin was also but little affected by the lapse of time.

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